



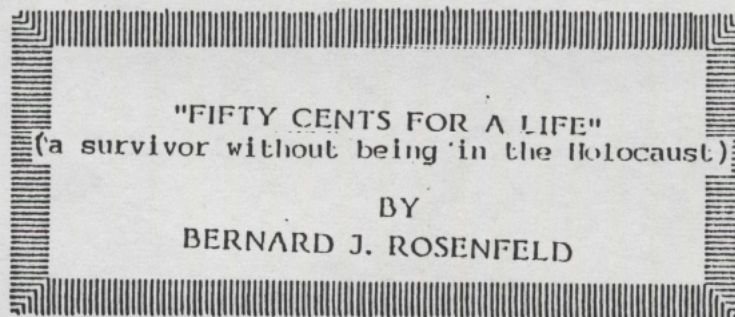
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DEDICATED TO THE ONLY WOMAN
I HAVE EVER LOVED.
MY WIFE DOROTHY. 1987

TO MY CHILDREN



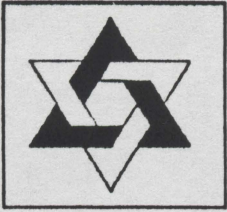
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EDUCATION ON WHEELS

THE UNITED STATES HOLOCAUST MEMORIAL MUSEUM



Prior to its opening to the general public, tour this outstanding museum and memorial that vividly portrays the human realities of the Holocaust and allows the visitor to interpret its exhibits in a personally meaningful manner. Hear the personal story of the Holocaust directly from the lips of Bernard Rosenfeld, a survivor. He has written a manuscript of his life for his family that is now at the museum. His story begins in Lithuania in 1927 when he was 5, and continues to describe how he left Lithuania in 1939 for America, the struggle through the holocaust, and his life in the States. Gain greater understanding of the physical, psychological and spiritual challenges of the experience and the impact they have made on life in the years since liberation of the Nazi concentration camps. Learn from Washington insiders about atrocities that are happening today and explore the question of when and how our nation should intervene.



Bernard J. Rosenfeld

Mr. Rosenfeld came to the United States from Lithuania in October of 1939 and moved to St. Louis, Missouri where much of his time was spent at the museum and library. He was fascinated by the paintings at the museum. In 1941 he started to paint with oil and he loved to blend the colors.

He served as a Medic in the U.S. Army and was shipped to England where he was asked to paint murals in the Officer's Club. One of these Murals was exhibited in London with several other artists.

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Survivor Epilogue II

Good Morning!!!! I am honored to have the opportunity to share my story, how I came to American and how my life has been as a Survivor without being in the Holocaust. I would like for you to travel with me to RASEINIAI , LITHUANIA, to the years 1922 - 1939.

Our family consisted of parents, 4 daughters and 2 sons. I was the youngest one. My father died in 1927 at the age of 49. My sister #3 went to Israel in 1935. She had 3 sons. In 1938 we received a letter from our relatives in St. Louis stating that they would like to bring someone over to America. Being the youngest, it was my turn. They immediately started to work on the needed papers.

In the early fall of 1938, the Jewish newspaper in KAUNAS, the capital of LITHUANIA held a Raffle. The cost of a ticket was 50 cents. All my friends were buying tickets, but I didn't have 50 cents. I didn't know that my friends bought me a ticket. Lo and behold, I won the grand prize, which was a beautiful radio! You can imagine the excitement in town. Just imagine a 35' television in 1938.

That's exactly what It meant to us, but we did not have electricity, so my oldest sister had electricity put in the house. Everyone listened to the radio.

Germany was on the move. Austria, Czechoslovakia and a major port of Lithuania was claimed by Germany. In late 1938, Germany invaded Poland, my papers came from America and I was to sail from Bremen, Germany.

My friends were kidding me, "Oh, you want to go to America. You will stay and die with us", I replied, "No, I will go to America and come back to visit your graves." But there wouldn't be any single grave or graves at all.

A few days after the war between Germany and Poland, I received a letter from the American Consul in Kaunas, stating if I wanted to get out, I had 3 days to change my papers and get Visas as we can't sail from Bremen. There was no way I could get the funds from America, it is impossible to imagine our desperate situation, I COULDN'T GO TO AMERICA! I was 17 years old BUT FATE WAS ON MY SIDE, A MAN CAME FORWARD, GAVE ME THE NEEDED MONEY and took my radio, 50 cents for my LIFE

I came to America on October 28, 1939. No one knew that I was coming. Some people from a Jewish organization came up to me and asked me in YIDDISH if I knew someone they could call. I remembered a man from our town

who lived in New York. They called him and he came at once and took me to his house. He called my uncle in Brooklyn and my relatives in St. Louis. After my uncle bought me some new clothes so I wouldn't look like green horn, I left on a train for St. Louis with the \$10.00 I had to have to get to America. I also had 10 cents in Lithuanian money. After the welcoming, kissing and a million questions, it was decided that I was to live with my aunt in St. Louis. She had 3 sons and 1 daughter. My aunt took my \$10.00 back so she could send it to my mother that left me with 10 cents in Lithuanian money.

New Year's Eve I went for a walk, and the streets were covered with snow, the store windows were decorated and music was everywhere. I never felt so homesick and alone with tears in my eye; I went back to the house. The news from Europe was bad; Germany and Russian signed a non-aggression pact. I received a letter from my mother that the Russians were now in Lithuania and everything was all right in Raseiniai.

The Lithuanians hated the Russians and were mad at the Jewish people because they were friendly with the Russians. I wrote several letters to my mother in 1940. In 1941 the letters came back and I never heard from my family again.

Dec. 7, 1941: Japan bombed Pearl Harbor and the United States was at war. I didn't know where Pearl Harbor was and why Japan bombed it. Shortly after the United States declared war on Japan and Germany.

I went to the Marine recruiting station and told them that I want to enlist. They told me I couldn't enlist because I wasn't a citizen, but 6 months later I was drafted and was promised that I would become a citizen in 90 days. So in the meantime, I was working and waiting to be called. In early 1943, my turn came and I was put in the Medical Corps and sent to Abilene, Texas for basic training and after 12 weeks we were shipped to England. The citizenship papers never caught up with me, they missed me completely.

After 18 months in England, it was time for us to move to France and Germany. I wasn't very happy about. I was still not a citizen, so I went to the company commander and told him about it. And that how I was in a very bad situation in case I fell in the hands of the Germans or Russians. Later I became an American citizen at the American headquarters. In early 1945, we came to Heidelberg, Germany to set up a hospital. The war was almost over. One day there was a big commotion in the hospital. I was called to help move a patient who was in an accident. He was a big man.

It was General Patton. He died a short time later.

After the war in Europe was over, the GI newspaper, The Stars & Stripes, started to print stories about the killing of millions. It was hard for me to understand what it really meant. I wrote to the displaced persons organization in Munich and asked them to send me a list of the survivors. When I received the list, it was only from one camp near Munich. I found listed, my brother - in - law, Jacob Ludgin. I called the camp and sure enough, it was Jacob. I got permission to go to Munich. It is hard to describe how those people looked. Some couldn't move, some were laughing, and others were crying. They were walking around as if they were in a daze. Some women came up to me saying my sister Dvora was in Auschwitz, but they didn't know what happened to her. Jacob, whom I came to see, told me she died shortly before the liberation. He told me her story. They were in the same ghetto in Sualai, Lithuania. The Germans came and grabbed her little boy from her arms. She was screaming, begging to get her only child back, but it didn't help. From then on, she was never the same - even until she died. The stories I was told were impossible to imagine.

In March of 1946, I was discharged and came back to St. Louis to my old job.

My cousin asked me if I would come for dinner Sunday, March 31st to meet a friend of hers who was also attending Washington University.

At noon Sunday, we went to pick up Dorothy Schwartzberg from Shreveport, LA. One look at her and I think my heart skipped a beat.

She looked sharp and what a looker. In November, 1946, we married, moved to Shreveport, LA and now, 53 years later, have 4 daughters and 6 grandsons. Two people with completely different backgrounds survived 53 years of marriage. Coincidence? NO, IT WAS FATE!!!

My sister in Israel had been writing to me regularly and we continued to write at least once a month for 57 years until 1997 when she died. In 1970, Dorothy and I visited Israel and saw my sister for the first time in 35 years. I visited Israel again in 1982 and again in 1987.

Each time I was there, I would search for any information about my family but nothing turned up. I went from one place to another between Jerusalem and Tel Aviv. Nothing, not even the name of the town.

I kept on trying again and again. My sister kept telling me, "What

are you looking for? There is no one left", but I will keep on looking until my dying day. While in Israel, I went to the Holocaust Museum and put the names of my family in the computer, the printed copy gave me the following information:

The Germans came to Raseiniai in 1941, shortly after the outbreak of the war between Germany and the Soviet Union. First, they murdered the most prominent Jews, followed by the men then the women and children. A few managed to escape. There were approximately 2,500 Jews in Raseiniai.

43% of the population. There were about 250,000 Jews in Lithuania.

93% were murdered. The Lithuanian National Guard took revenge on the Jews and helped the Germans butcher them without any mercy.

It is unbelievable that the Jews went to the Germans to protect them from the Lithuanians. How do I know this? For 50 years. I have been reading, looking and searching. I have been accumulating enough information to confirm all that

I know. In about 1955, I received a letter from a neighbor who lived close to our home in Raseiniai. She told me everything that happened after the Germans came. They took some people and marched them out of town, made them dig trenches and then shot them. I couldn't finish the letter, it was so horrible.

I never replied.

I never met anyone from my town except 2 friends in Israel. I never had anyone with whom to share my pain. I never stopped thinking about my family day and night and I still do. I get emotional and cry.

I could never talk, watch a movie or TV about the Holocaust without crying.

I still get pictures of the bodies. The German and Lithuanians didn't have time to dispose of the bodies because the Russians were coming.

After 59 years of searching, I still can't stop. At times I feel very lonely, there is no one of my family alive. There is no one to share with the good things which came my way. I am blessed to have such a wonderful family of my own, but I never spoke to my children of the way I feel.

My wife saw me at the worst moments throughout our life together. No one can imagine how it feels to be a survivor without being in the Holocaust.

Am I one of the Lucky ones? Am I glad to be alive? I wonder, was it my fate to be alive when 17 loved ones were murdered plus all my friends. I feel lonely and empty; tears come easily to me.

In 1987, I decided to write a book, with pictures, about my life in Lithuania so that my children would know about their grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins. I have never read the book. "50 CENTS FOR A LIFE"

You are the only ones that I have ever shared "My like" with as a survivor. It has been very hard for my wife and me. There are moments when I think how can I close this period, but I never will. Sometimes I think suffering and pain brings me closer to the. In 60 years, I have forgotten many names, but their faces are always in front of me.

In conclusion, I would like to read to you what I wrote a long time ago.

SURVIVOR!

A survivor is a person who survived when everyone else was killed or died. I did not begin to think of myself as a survivor until many years later. As I got older, I became more emotional as the stories of the Holocaust became more and more know. I kept realizing the true meaning of the Holocaust. I started to search for anything that would tell me how and when the ones I loved met their horrible fate.

I became and still am, obsessed with wanting to feel what they felt. I couldn't take my eyes away from the pictures I was watching, The tears would blur my eyes as if to say -
DON'T LOOK.

The price of being alive is very high. Too high. At times I almost was glad to feel pain. I wanted to feel the pain that my loved ones endured.

I can see some of our Lithuanian neighbors take delight in seeing my Mother, Sister, Brother or other friends I grew up with, being dragged to their death or being buried alive.
How is it possible for a Christian world to stand by and let it happen?
How??? Because they were Jews!

I am thankful for having met your Mother, who I loved and have always loved. I am thankful for having four lovely daughters and six grandsons. God has given me more than I deserve.

The town I was born in and grew up, I left behind forever. My family lay in some field covered by dirt and grass. Fields where I might have walked in my youth. The town too, is gone, so I was told.

I will forever think about them, cry for them, but in all, I wish I could find peace within myself and let them rest in peace for they only found peace in death.



על שם נחום גולדמן

The Nahum Goldmann

Museum of the Jewish Diaspora

ז' אדר תשמ"ז

08-MAR-87

RASEINIAI (RUS. ROSSIENI), CITY IN W. CENTRAL LITHUANIAN S.S.R. THE COMMUNITY THERE, WHICH INCLUDED KARAITES, NUMBERED 4,247 IN 1797, 2,649 IN 1847, AND 3,484 IN 1897 (46.7% OF THE TOTAL POPULATION). RASEINIAI WAS ONE OF THE CENTERS OF THE HASKALAH MOVEMENT IN LITHUANIA. ABRAHAM MAPU AND SENIOR SACHS LIVED THERE. ACCORDING TO THE 1923 CENSUS THERE WERE 2,305 JEWS LIVING IN RASEINIAI (43.7% OF THE TOTAL), MOST OF WHOM WERE OCCUPIED IN SMALL TRADE AND CRAFTS, WITH A NUMBER IN BUSINESS ON A LARGER SCALE. THE JEWISH PEOPLE'S BANK HAD 600 MEMBERS. COMMUNAL INSTITUTIONS INCLUDED A YAVNEH PRIMARY SCHOOL, A HEBREW SECONDARY SCHOOL, AND A YESHIVAH. RASEINIAI WAS OCCUPIED BY THE GERMANS A FEW DAYS AFTER THE OUTBREAK OF THE GERMAN-SOVIET WAR IN 1941. THE MORE PROMINENT JEWS WERE MURDERED FIRST, FOLLOWED BY THE MEN, AND ULTIMATELY THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN. A FEW FAMILIES WHO MANAGED TO ESCAPE SURVIVED UNTIL THE LIBERATION.

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את ראניציקלופדיה אישר לרכוש בדוכן הספרים שבבית התפוצות

"UNBELIEVABLE"

February 11, 2000

BERNARD J. ROSENFELD
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For sixty years I have searched for any news about my family always hoping that maybe, just maybe, there would be someone alive, but nothing ever turned up.

October 1999 was a most unusual month. It started with Nancy telling me that the YOUNG PRESIDENTS ORGANIZATION (YEO.) would like for me to come to Washington D.C. during their conference to give a talk at the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum about how I came to America and how my life has been as a survivor with out being in the Holocaust. On October 15th, I made the presentation. Nine members of my family and Dorothy came to Washington to give some needed support. My speech lasted about forty-five minutes. Before I went to Washington, I received a letter from the Museum Registry telling me that they had located five people who came from my town (Raseiniai). I couldn't believe it! Why did it take so long, since they lived in the United States? Could it be that I was only looking for the dead and forgotten that there may be other survivors?

October 28, 1999, marked sixty years since I came to America. That evening, I received a call from Chana who identified herself as coming from Raseiniai and remembered some of my friends and family. We had a long talk but I remembered very little. We agreed to meet half way from Philadelphia and Pittsburgh in Harrisburg on November 28th, since we are going for Thanksgiving to Diane's who lives in Pittsburgh.

The next day, on October 29th, I received another call, this time from Rella, also from Raseiniai. We talked about an hour and tried to refresh my memory. Sixty years is a long time, especially since I never met anyone from my town except two in Israel in 1970. Rella lives in Orlando. Nancy, who also lives in Orlando, spoke to her and told her all about me. The same week, I also spoke to her brother who remembers me. They came to American in December of 1939.

They also gave me some other names and telephone numbers. When we got back home after Thanksgiving, I placed a call to Sam Wasser in New York. Smulke Wasser was the one who picked me up from the boat when I came to America. I remembered him from the old country. No one knew that I was coming, I was alone. He took me to his home, called my uncle in Brooklyn and my relatives in St. Louis. When I called him in November 1999, he was quite surprised to hear from me after sixty years. He didn't know where I was.

They also told me about a good friend of mine who lived in Australia. I wrote to him but I didn't get a reply until the other day when there was a message from Australia. I called him back around twelve PM. He remembered me quite well. After the war between Russia and Germany broke out in 1941, and the fighting in Lithuania was going bad for the Russians, he and a friend jumped a train and followed the Russians. He ended up in the Russian Army where he was wounded.

After the war in 1945, I went to Munich to a DP camp to look for my brother-in-law whom I found there. Phillip Kagan told me that he was told that an American soldier was there from his town. He was too late, I was already gone.

For sixty years they knew that I was in America but no one was even thinking that I would be in Louisiana.

Many strange things happened in my life, but this is the most UNBELIEVABLE events I have ever expected.

My children were more excited than I was. I was very happy but also sad. I wish my only living sister was alive so we could both share this news. She died in Israel in 1997.

EVENTS HAVE A STRANGE WAY OF HAPPENING. ONCE AGAIN I must ask myself WAS IT A COINCIDENCE OR WAS IT MY FATE?

